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TABER, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1908

\$1.50 YEARLY

Drs. Lang & Leech

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, COUCHEURS
Consultations: 9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 8
W. H. LANG, M.D. West second st. north
G. W. LEECH, M.D. 2nd door E Union hotel
Office: Alberta Drug & Stationery Store

R. P. Wallace, B.C.L.

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
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DENTIST
Graduate of Chicago College of
Dental Surgery
OFFICE: Alberta Drug & Stationery Store

Doric Lodge, No. 31

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Meets Tuesday
or before the full
moon in the Masonic
Hall, Main Street.
Visiting Brethren
cordially welcome.

J. T. STEPHENSON, W.M.
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Meets every Thursday Evening in
Douglas Block, Main St., at 8 o'clock.
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Insurance: Fire, Life, Accident
Reveries Traction Engines.
REAL ESTATE

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All work guaranteed in every way.
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TRY LETHBRIDGE NEW MILL
UNION MADE FLOUR

South Side of Track, opp. Depot
Public Scales in connection

BERT SUTTON

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THE

Sacrifice Sale

OF

STOVES

FROM

NOV. 10th to NOV. 17th

INCLUSIVE

SHIELL

ELL
TOVE

and
Furnaces

Taber Mine

Owner Dead

Mr. Wilcox, a Well Known

Citizen, Passes Away

Taber, Alberta, Nov. 3. — Word was received in Taber yesterday that Samuel F. Wilcox, owner of the famous Wilcox Mine at Taber, recently died at his new home at Vina, California, of malarial fever. Mr. Wilcox and family came to Raymond, Canada, about seven years ago, and for years he was greatly interested in the sheep industry. He was one of the early pioneers of Taber. The departed was admired by all who knew him, being prominent in social and business circles.

He was a staunch member of the church of the L.D.S. faith, a kind husband and a devoted father. He leaves a large family and a host of friends. — Herald Cor.

Book-keeping For

Farmers

Even in this twentieth century, says a contemporary, there are to my knowledge, hundreds of large farmers who get through life without the use of ledgers, or rather with only the very roughest kind of book-keeping. Now these men are not all failures; many of them, indeed, are most successful money-makers. They could hardly do a simple sum on paper, but in their heads they make correct calculations.

With all their instinctive skill, however, I am sure not one of them could tell himself the moment a certain department ceased to yield profit, and not one could point with certainty to his three most productive "lines." By a system of book-keeping, with very little trouble and expense, it would be possible to prepare a balance-sheet under twenty or more different headings, each of which would show exactly what and how profit and loss was being made.

With this information a farmer could at once make up his mind whether it was possible to increase a profit or reduce or remove a loss, and whether it was advisable to discard altogether this or that department. To some I am afraid this will seem needless work and a waste of time. In answer I must ask whether agriculture can be called a satisfactory profession or trade? If not, then I want to know why any method is needless which will make business as much a certainty as farming can be made? It is a commonsense maxim with a large manufacturer: If a "line" is unprofitable, see what is wrong; if you cannot make it pay, drop it. How is a farmer to make that his principle who does not keep careful accounts? If the farmer has not time or inclination for book-keeping, in many instances it would even pay him to employ a girl for the purpose and to conduct his correspondence. I offer the subject to the most careful consideration of my readers.

Pinching boots and shoes do much mischief. That they produce tormenting and crippling corns all know. But this is not all, nor even the worst. They check the circulation of the pedal blood, make the feet cold and sometimes aid in chilblaining them, diminish the size of the muscles of the part and take from their strength and impede their action by compressing them. Cramping and torturing the feet by pressure produces, sympathetically, dyspepsia and headache.

Went 6000 Miles

To See Girl's Beau

Came Back Contented and the

Principals Will Be Married

In Due Course

A romance extending over the seas and that caused a mother to journey from San Francisco to Paris was revealed when the Atlantic transport liner Minnetonka came to her dock. On board were Miss Winnie A. Morgan of Oakland, California, and Antonio De Grassi, an Italian, both of whom had been learning to become proficient on the violin under Prof. Sevik, who taught Kubelik to play. Behind the appearance of the pair, who were chaperoned across the ocean by Mrs. Ernest Puxito and her husband, is one of the prettiest romances that the tellers of Paris have revealed for a long time.

Miss Morgan went abroad two years ago to finish her musical studies. She soon met De Grassi, who was under the same masters, and the two became inseparable. The girl in writing home made frequent mention of the young Italian in so ingenious a manner that her parents apparently suspected before she did that a love match was under way.

"He is accomplished and handsome," wrote Miss Morgan; "and he is awfully nice to me." "I think I had better look into this," said Mrs. Morgan in her California home. The mother arrived in Paris without any announcement of her coming and looked over the young man in the case carefully.

After awhile she returned to her home, contented. The pair should come to America with Mrs. Puxito and go to Oakland where they will be married.

There was a comedy of errors when the pair arrived at the pier of the Atlantic Transport Line. It was at first supposed that the girl was Miss Fayette Morgan, who is said to have eloped and who is expected back in this country about this time. After a good deal of explanation the mistake was discovered.

A despatch from London, Eng., says that the Durban Natal Convention has decided to propose the enfranchisement of colored people subject to a severe education and property test. It is anticipated that a majority of the whites in the Transvaal, Orange Free State and Natal will not accept this unless it is energetically supported by the Imperial Government.

Just Received

Latest - Designs

IN

Fall Woollens,

Worstds, etc.

The BEST Ever!!

A. Potter & Co

Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters

TO MEN WHO KNOW

Wind Storm

at Frank

One of the Worst in the History

of the Crow's Nest Pass

Frank, Nov. 2. — A heavy wind storm set in last night about 12.30 a.m., and it proved to be the worst experienced in the Pass. The 41 West Market windows were all broken in front and the upper windows of the Union Hotel were blown in, and worst of all the plate-glass windows of the store of G. Coble & Co. on Dominion Avenue were smashed to atoms by flying missiles. The sidewalk leading to the C.P.R. Station was lifted and carried some two hundred feet.

The Indian's Curse

On Fernie

Some of the western papers are publishing a queer story about Fernie—a legend that has been revived since the recent disaster there. It is told this way:—

Years ago a lonely prospector toiled through the East Kootenay Mountains, living on the flesh of the animals of the woods and hills. He cared but little for the companionship of man, and, save for a brief meeting with an occasional Indian, his life was indeed a solitary one. He spent his leisure pursuit of wealth in the pursuit of a woman.

One day there came to him an Indian woman. She was the typical Indian, with her dark hair and eyes. She wore, however, a string of ornaments of a peculiar sort. They were jet black and very shiny. The prospector's interest was aroused, and after considerable difficulty, he succeeded in persuading the Indian woman to guide him to the spot from which she brought the ornaments.

Following the woman the prospector came upon a scene that revealed to him the possibility of untold wealth. The woman's ornaments were small pieces of coal and before the prospector's astonished eyes there lay vast deposits of the mineral. Mining rights were applied for and later the place became known as Coal Creek, where to-day the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company have an enormous colliery.

Having obtained great wealth the prospector determined to enjoy the fruits of his labor, and accordingly he journeyed to Victoria, the capital city of British Columbia. Presenting a claim to be his lawful wife the Indian woman demanded that she taken to Victoria also and placed in a proper light before the world.

The prospector, to whom the great wealth had come and in whose honor the town of Fernie was named, turned the woman and caused her to be returned to Fort Steele, where she again became a member of the tribe which she had deserted to join Fernie.

A vengeful spirit seized the woman and, upon failing in her appeals to Fernie, she cursed Fernie and all who might later reside in the city bearing the name of her white companion. Heaven was called upon to witness that the city would be destroyed and that all who lived there would suffer also.

Sure enough Fernie has suffered more than her share of disasters. Three times within recent years there have been big fires there and twice the city has been practically destroyed. The sensible people of Fernie, however, are not likely to concern themselves about the curse of a dead Indian.

Our Xmas Goods

ARE ARRIVING DAILY

They will be EXHIBITED about NOVEMBER 15th

Our Stock of FANCY GOODS, DOLLS, TOYS, etc.,

Will be The Best

Ever Shown in Taber

The Alberta Drug & Stationery Co.

Eastern Townships Bank.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000 RESERVE, \$1,800,000

57 branches and agencies in Canada. 48 years in operation

General Banking Business Conducted

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

Drafts Sold in all parts of the World

Money orders payable in any bank in Canada (Yukon excepted) United States, England, Scotland, at following rates

\$5 and under, 03 \$10 to \$30, 10c

\$5 to \$10, 06 \$30 to \$50, 15c

Impossible to lose your money in transmitting it by this method

Taber Branch, C. E. Moe, Manager.

THE PIONEER MERCHANTS

The

Bell Oak

A neat, low-priced HEATER

in Four Sizes

10 - 12 - 14 - 16

A removable Top Ring and Skirting

The only Heater

on the market

with a DUPLEX

SHAKING GRATE

The Grates of this Stove are built

very heavy to STAND THE EXCESSIVE

HEAT OF SOFT COAL.

Call and inspect our stock before purchasing elsewhere

IT IS A PLEASURE TO SHOW GOOD GOODS

The Taber Trading Co., Ltd.

E. N. Harding Co.

ERVINE & TODD

—AGENTS FOR—

Hart-Parr Gasoline Engines

Cockshutt Engine

Gang Plows

Harness, saddles, whips, robes,

blankets and everything for your

horse. Special attention given to

orders of all kinds

SEE OUR STOCK OF

LAP ROBES & HORSE BLANKETS

JUST ARRIVED.

E. C. JONES

Notice to the Public

The undersigned builders and contractors are prepared to furnish plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds and sizes. Address them at the Taber Hotel.

McKellar & Wildman

Builders and Contractors

Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign-Writer. Estimates free

Agent for the famous Best Vapor Gas Light Co.

The MYSTERY

By Stewart Edward White
And Samuel Hopkins Adams

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(Continued)

"His ship," growled Carter, the second officer, to Dr. Tredon, as they stood watching the growing smoke column, "is a worse host of rumors than a down east village. That's the third sea gull we've had officially reported since breakfast."

As he said, three distinct times the Wolverine had thrilled to an imminent discovery, which upon nearer investigation had developed nothing more than a floating log. Upon the heels of Carter's complaint came another hull.

"Boat ahoy! Three points on the starboard bow!"

"If that's another gull," muttered Carter, "I'll have something to say to you, my festive lookout."

The news ran electrically through the cruiser, and all eyes were strained for a glimpse of the boat. The ship swung away to starboard.

"Let me know as soon as you can make her out," ordered Carter.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Tredon.

"There's certainly something there," said Forsythe presently. "I can make out a speck rising on the waves."

"Bit o' wreckage from Barnett's delft," muttered Dr. Tredon, screwing through his glasses.

"Rides too high for a spar or anything of that sort," said the junior lieutenant.

"She's a small boat," came in the clear tones of the lookout, "drifting down."

"Any one in her?" asked Carter.

"Can't make out yet, sir. No one in charge, though, sir."

Captain Parkison appeared, and Carter pointed out the speck to him.

"Yes, give her full speed," said the captain, replying to a question from the officer of the deck.

Forward leaped the swift cruiser, all too slow for the anxious hearts of those aboard. For there was not one of the Wolverines who did not expect from this aimless trawling of desert seas at the least a leading clue to the riddle that oppressed them.

"Aloft there!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Can you make out her hull?"

"Rides high like a dory, sir."

"Wasn't there a dory on the Laughing Lass?" cried Forsythe.

"On her stern davit," answered Tredon.

"It is a hardy, purpose-built, unattached small boat should be drifting about these seas," said Captain Parkison thoughtfully.

"If she's a dory, she's the Laughing Lass' boat."

"That's what she is," said Barnett.

"You can see her hull plain enough now."

"Mr. Barnett, will you go aloft and keep me posted?" said the captain.

The executive officer climbed to join the lookout. As he ascended those below saw the little craft rise high and slow on a broad swell.

sport of wind and wave. A thing of shreds he was, elaborately ragged, a face overruled with a scrub of beard and preternaturally dark, surrounded with a stiff dried, dirty cloth enturban, with a wide, forbidding stain along the side, worked out the likeness to a mackerel.

"My God!" cackled Forsythe with a hysterical explosion, and again "My God!"

A long drawn, irrepressible aspiration of expectancy rose from the wretched decks as the stranger raised his baggy face, turned eyes unseeingly upon them and fell back. The forward occupant stirred not, save as the boat rolled.

From between decks some one called out sharply an order. In the grim silence it seemed strangely incongruous that the measured business of a ship's life should be going forward as usual.

Something within the newcomers' consciousness stirred to that voice of authority. Mechanically, like some huge, hideous toy, he raised first one arm, then the other and writhed himself halfway up on the stern seat. His mouth opened. His face whitened. He seemed groping for the meaning of a look at which he knew he ought to laugh. Suddenly from his lips came a prising vowel, raucous, rasping, yet with a certain rollicking devilry fit to the occasion.

"Oh, their coffin was their ship, and their grave it was the sea—

And the quarter that we gave them was to sink them in the sea—

Down on the coast, the high Barbaree—

Long drawn, like the mockery of a

man, waken seemed to be conjuring, and to express bewildered cognition.

"How long had poor Timmins been drowned?" the captain had asked him, and the reply had been—

"Captain Parkison, the man wasn't drowned. No water in his lungs."

"Not drowned!" Then how came he by his death?

"If I were to diagnose it under any other conditions I should say that he had inhaled flames."

There the two men stared at each other in blank impotency. Meantime the searower was showing signs of returning consciousness, and a message was dispatched for the physician. On his way he met Barnett, who asked and received permission to accompany him.

The stranger was teasingly seated lazily in his bunk, opening and shutting his parched mouth in silent, piteous appeal for the water that must still be doled him in parsimonious drops.

"I think I'll try him with a little brandy," said Tredon and sent for the liquor.

Barnett raised the patient while the surgeon held the glass to his lips. The man's hand rose, wavered and clasped the glass.

"All right, my friend. Take it yourself, if you like," said Tredon.

The fingers closed. Tremulously, the little glass tilted and rattled against the man's lips. There was a deeper spasm of swallowing. Then the fevered eyes opened upon the face of the Wolverine's first officer.

"Barnett," said the man in a voice like the rasp of rusty metal.

The navy man straightened up as from a blow under the jaw.

"Be careful what you say about—"

warden Tredon, addressing his superior officer sharply, for Barnett had not but let his charge drop. His face was a pucker of amazement and incredulity.

"Did you hear him speak my name—or am I dreaming?" he half whispered.

"Heard him plain enough. Who is he?"

The man's mouth closed, but he smiled a little—simultaneously with a winning smile. With that there sprang from behind the brush of beard, filling out the deep lines of his face, a memory to the effect of Barnett—a keen and gay countenance that whisked him back across seven years time to the days of Dewey and the Philippines.

"Ralph Slade, by the Lord!" he exclaimed.

"Of the Laughing Lass?" cried Tredon.

"Of the Laughing Lass."

Such a fury of eagerness burned in the face of Barnett that Tredon cautioned him. "Barnett, you're not going to fire a broadside of disturbing questions at my patient yet, are you? He's in no condition."

"But was from the other that the questions came. Opening his eyes he whispered: 'The sailor? Where?'

"Dead," said Tredon bluntly. Then, breaking his own rule of repression, he asked:

"Did he come off the schooner with you?"

"Picked him up," was the straining answer. "Drifting."

The surgeon looked round him, then into Barnett's face, and his mind, too, traversed the years.

"North Dakota?" he queried.

"No," he changed his ship; said Barnett. "It's the Wolverine."

"Where's the Laughing Lass?" Barnett shook his head.

"Tell me," begged Slade.

"Wait till you're stronger," admonished Tredon.

"Can't wait," said the weak voice. The eyes gazed wildly.

"Mr. Barnett, tell him the bare outline and make it short," said the surgeon.

"We sighted the Laughing Lass two days ago. She was in good shape, but deserted—that is, we thought she was deserted."

The man nodded eagerly.

"I suppose you were aboard," said Barnett, and Tredon made a quick gesture of impatience and rebuke.

"No," said Slade. "Left three-four—"

"—might as well say 'left three-four'—"

The officers looked at each other.

"Go on," said Tredon to his companion.

"We put a crew aboard in command of an ensign," continued Barnett, "and picked up the schooner the next night, deserted. You must know about it. Where is Billy Edwards?"

"Never heard of him," whispered the other.

"Ives and McGuire, then. They were there after the Great God, man!" cried, his agitation breaking out. "Pull yourself together! Give us something to go on."

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Dr. Tredon went on deck, his head misty with his shoulders. For a minute he was in earnest talk with the captain. Presently the Wolverine's engine slowed down and she lay head to the wind, with a strong turn of the screw to hold her against the sea-way.

(To be Continued)

A DRUG STORE DEAL

Involving an Actress, the Soda Water Man and an Accident.

Josephine Coburn, the actress, ordered a chocolate sundae, or some similar abomination, at a drug store up-town the other day. When she sat down to drink it, one of the long feathers on her hat touched a cigar lighter. Naturally they flared up. The clerk, being a thoughtful young man, snuffed the glass and poured it out on her hat, completely extinguishing the flames. Miss Coburn, uttering undignified exclamations, the congealed sweetness trickled down the back of her fair young neck, rose, and did a few rough steps. Then she started to go. "One minute, miss," said the clerk. "Haven't you forgotten something?"

Miss Coburn said yes, she had forgotten to tell you in your letter that the sense she was born with, for one thing, going into a place where they first set fire to her and then poured a half pint of frozen grape-bag down her luscious waist to suppress the fire demon. "You'd be a star at Coney, young man," was her parting word. "I don't know what the Flanckers' cast any day."

But the clerk said he wanted a dime for the soda. Miss Coburn peevishly quipped that she had no soda in her, and the clerk said he would wait for it.

"I have had no soda here," said she. "You handed me one, and then before I got the connection with an art palette established, you tore it away to dump on my new hat."

But the clerk said he wanted a dime, just the same. Miss Coburn said she'd wait for it. "One minute, miss," said the clerk. "Haven't you forgotten something?"

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A BROKEN PANE OF GLASS.

One That Once Cost Citizen George Francis Train \$40,000.

A broken window pane once cost George Francis Train more than \$40,000. It was this way: Citizen Train, the famous reformer, was on his way to Omaha in the spring of 1894. At that time he was the most talked of man in America. He had a thing but money. He bought 5,000 city lots and altogether spent several hundred thousand dollars. He boarded at the Herndon House, the best hotel in sight. The Quikote Train was regular in only one thing—his habits. He always occupied the same seat at the table. One morning a pane of glass was broken out of a window directly behind his chair. He protested and was advised to leave the seat at the table. Instead he paid a servant 10 cents a minute to stand between him and the draft. After breakfast he expostulated with his landlord, but received no satisfaction.

"Never mind," said Train. "In sixty days I will build a hotel that will ruin your business. It will be a success."

And he did. The contract was let that day. Scores of men were put to work. The site selected was Ninth and Harney streets, between the city hall and the old city hall. The work was done on time, and, true to his word, sixty days after he threatened the manager of the Herndon House, George Francis Train, when the city hall was opened his hotel, which he called the Cozzen House. The grand opening ball was attended by the governor of Nebraska, and many notables from other states. The house was a blaze of glory and a scene of almost oriental magnificence. Just when the big reception was well on there was a sudden flash, a strange noise, and then—total darkness. The gas plant had collapsed.

Train, who had been talking business for a year or two, and the Herndon House was badly crippled. Finally Train fell out with his manager, and the place was closed.

After the business part of Omaha moved back from the river the Herndon House declined and finally reopened in a state of innocuous desuetude. A few years later it became the property of the Union Pacific railroad.

VOODOO DOCTORS.

Belief of Negroes in Their Ability to Work "Spells."

A well educated and clever negro in Philadelphia, who has been employed by a prominent business man, an experience of his own with a famous voodoo "doctor" of that city who had grown rich round his wizardry.

"Once a person had a writ out against me," said the negro, "and I was constable had it. The magistrate was set against me. I went and got a charm from the 'doctor.' I met my wife and child, and I was constable and was walked by and never noticed me. The magistrate forgot all about it. The voodoo stopped it."

This same negro related another incident of his experience:

"I was nearly killed by a voodoo black cat which used to come into the house. I threw a stick and hit it. It was a witch. It tormented me. I was ridden in dreams like a horse. I suffered terribly. I was dying. I went to the voodoo 'doctor.' I paid him \$5 for a spell. That night I awoke. The window was open; the moon was shining. I saw a black witch with her eyes up and down there. She was smaller than in her own body. She wore a very big, old fashioned bonnet. I saw her in the back of the cat. But she did not come any closer to me. Then she faded away. That ended it. My belief is prevalent among the negroes that they have power to assume the forms of various animals. In South Carolina a man employed a guard against such visitations in to scatter fire or similar small grains thick over the floor in the form of a cross. Before the witch can approach her victim she must devour every grain. This task is too tedious for her patience, and she takes herself off."

—Marvin Dana in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Silver Rabbit.

There is a kind of rabbit which abounds in Lincolnshire, England, and is called the "silver rabbit." Its fur is of a delicate silvery gray. Although it is little prized in England, its skins are abundant in the enormous numbers of different parts of Asia, especially Turkey and China, where the fur is considered the fittest thing for monarchs to wear. Only four rabbits can afford it there, so heavy is the price demanded.

Revenge.

"I," declared the popular author, "have signed an exclusive contract with a magazine."

"But now you are famous," protested a friend, "other magazines will be writing for your work."

"All I want is to see the others with thanks. I have even ordered some printed slips."

His Periodicals.

"Do you take any periodicals?" asked the clergyman on his first round of parish visits.

"Yes, sir," replied the woman. "but my husband takes 'em frequent."

"Do wish you'd try 'em him to sign the pledge,"—Judge.

Habit.

Action repeated because habit. Habit long continuing, and a congenial nature. We are today what we were accustomed to do yesterday and the day before.—Lynan Abbott.

Evil comes by talking of it.—Irish Proverb.

Laquies.

"You say you like a perfect lady throughout?" "Sure, your honor. When he tips his hat to me 'an' he not knowin' me, I ups with a rock an' coves in his eye."

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Owing to the death
of our agent, Mr.
Barton, we are
now changing
our business
here

We must reduce our
stock at once, and
are offering great
bargains in all
lines for
Cash

FOR CASH

BARGAINS

IN

LUMBER

Go to the

ENTERPRISE LUMBER

CO.'S YARD - TABER

Full line
of lumber, doors,
windows, laths, shingles, etc.

Cash talks.
Bring some in-
to our yard and see
what it will do for you

The Ownership of Ptolemy Caesar.

By LEONARD FRANK ADAMS.
Copyrighted, 1908, by J. M. Morgan.

Ravenor stood in the library in all the luxury of early morning negligence. A gorgeous bathrobe swathed his big frame from his chin to his heels. His feet were thrust into a pair of comfortable-looking Turkish slippers. Between his lips was a cigarette, deep draughts of which he inhaled thoughtfully as he eyed the man in the chair by the window. The latter was responsible for Ravenor's appearance down stairs at this unseasonably hour.

Ravenor's early caller was not prepossessing. Indeed, he was distinctly otherwise. His eyes were small, watery blue and shifty. His underjaw was weak, and his seedy clothes and frayed linen were none too clean. Beside him, his own smart appearance in striking contrast to the man's general out at the elbows air, crouched a Boston terrier.

"Want to sell me the pup, I suppose," Ravenor said pleasantly. "That's why you're here, isn't it? That's why you got me out of bed at this un-Christian hour?"

The man nodded hopefully. "Sure," he admitted. "I thought you'd like a chance at 'im so long as I got to raise the dough."

"Where'd you get 'im?" Ravenor asked sharply.

"Raised 'im from a pup, 'elp me," the man responded. "That's why I wouldn't sell 'im for a good deal more than the coin the worst way. I 'eard as 'ow you was open for a good trade 'ere 'is line, so I brought 'im round. 'E's all right, now, ain't 'e? Stand up, Ptolemy, an' give the good a good look at you."

The dog obediently stood up, and Ravenor's eyes lighted with interest. There could be no denying that Ptolemy was a fine specimen of his breed. His clean cut head, up-turned, shaggy shoulders, even his crooked little tail, all bespoke that.

"I got 'is pedigree 'ere on this paper," the man observed, drawing a dirty envelope from his pocket.

"Oh, never mind that," Ravenor replied, with a meaning grin. "What do you want for 'im?"

"I'd oughter got fifty, an' 'e's dirt cheap at that."

"Tell you what I'll do—I'll give you thirty."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I can't be too fussy, boss," he said. "I need the money, an' I need it bad. So long as I know 'e's 'goin' into the hands 'o a good 'ome, I'm satisfied."

Ravenor counted out the bills and handed them to the man, who ran them over with grinning fingers and departed, with a sigh and a sorrowful glance in the dog's direction, both of which were rather overdue.

Once the front door had closed behind him, Ravenor tossed his cigarette into the fireplace and pressed the button on the wall.

"Annie," he said to the second girl, who answered his summons, "I've just bought this pup. He answers to the name of Ptolemy. Take him downstairs and give him a feed; then let him out in the back yard. I'm going upstairs. You may call me 10."

Ravenor went upstairs to resume his interrupted slumbers, and Ptolemy, having fared sumptuously on the scraps of the cook, was turned loose in the back yard, where he galloped about gleefully, enjoying a rare half hour's sport with a bit of trailing chicken and making desperate endeavors to catch the sparrows which now and again fluttered into the yard.

It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour after the sale that a cautious whistle sounded from the alley side of the high fence which enclosed the back yard. Ptolemy, with a yelp of joy, answered it. The back gate swung noiselessly open, just far enough for the dog to squeeze through. He was snatched up by the seedy man who had interviewed Ravenor in the library, thrust unconcernedly beneath his coat and thence down the alley at a snail's pace.

Therefore when Ravenor made his appearance at 11 o'clock no Ptolemy answered his repeated whistlings. Annie and the cook protested wearily their complete mystification in the dog's disappearance. Sure, they had thought him right in the yard all the time, they declared. He'd been chasing the sparrows and yelping there not ten minutes since.

Ravenor searched the back yard thoroughly, the two boys, the little shed that held the ash barrels, even the coil of hose that lay in one corner, but no trace of his recent purchase could be found.

After lunch he went downtown to put an advertisement of his loss in the paper. The afternoon being particularly fine, he decided to walk home. He had reached the little square where Newwood street crosses the avenue and was striding briskly when he was arrested by the center of the diminutive park when a dog in full cry after a flock of elusive sparrows dashed past him.

There could be no mistaking that head, those clean cut shoulders, the distinctive markings of the neck and flank. Ravenor started in pursuit of the dog.

"Here, you, Ptolemy, Ptolemy! Come here, come here, I say!" he cried.

The dog stopped and looked back at a moment, then he turned back, wriggling his twisted stump of a tail in ridiculous apology.

"Nice way you deserted me this morning, wasn't it?" said Ravenor severely. "Come on with me now. No more back yard doggie for you unless some one has an eye on you."

He started homeward, the dog following meekly at his heels, but before he reached the side of the park he caught the quick tread of light footfalls. An agitated voice close behind him was saying, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

He swung about to find himself face to face with Katherine Gray. Ravenor unconsciously stiffened. It was a trifle disconcerting to come thus abruptly upon a girl with whom he had quarreled but a short week before—a girl who before that quarrel had been the subject of his everyday dream.

The girl was equally surprised and embarrassed. She caught her breath at a little gasp, and the quick color mounted her cheeks. Almost instantly, however, she had recovered her poise.

"I'm sorry to trouble you," she said coldly. "I merely came by my dog. I saw he was following you."

"Your dog?" said Ravenor.

"My dog," she repeated.

Ravenor looked uncomfortable, but he faced her resolutely.

"Oh, I made a mistake about this," said he. "I'm very sure he's mine."

"Yours?"

"Let me prove it to you. He knows his name. Here, Ptolemy."

The dog came obediently to Ravenor's side. He sat down and looked up expectantly.

"Good heavens!" said Ravenor, utterly bewildered for the moment. "Then suddenly he had an inspiration."

"Did you buy him recently?" he asked.

"This afternoon," she confessed. "Of a seedy, shifty-eyed man."

She nodded.

"Ravenor drew a long breath; then he laughed. 'That explains it,' he declared. 'I bought him of the same man at this morning.'"

"Oh!" said the girl; then she, too, fell to laughing.

"Come," said Ravenor at length, "let me walk home with you, and there we'll decide why has the better claim to Caesar or Ptolemy, or whatever his name is."

It was a long talk they had before a roaring fire in the cozy hall. It settled many points besides the ownership of the dog. When it was finished it was twilight, and the two very contented young people were enjoying their rightful heritage of happiness again.

"And about the dog?" Ravenor suggested when he finally arose to leave.

"You take him," she said. "He's really yours by right of priority. You bought him first."

"I'll tell you," Ravenor said, with conviction. "Let's call 'im Ptolemy Caesar and own him jointly, and—let's see, how do we call it? We can have him with us both, you know. Will you, Katherine?"

"The girl fell to laughing until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, what a way of putting it!" she cried, but there was a light in her eyes that brought Ravenor to her side.

And the newly christened Ptolemy Caesar leaped about them with yelps of joy.

Canning's Wedding.

I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, drew with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part, nearly half the street was lined with a crowd of people.

The wall to avoid being run over and, peering into the coach, recognized Pitt and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite him.

The fellow exclaimed, "What, Billy Pitt, and with a parson too?"

I said, "He the parson who is going to marry me?"

After the ceremony he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as the one thing needed to give Canning the position necessary to lead a party, and this was the cause of his anxiety about it, which I would not have believed had I not witnessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had for Canning.

Had Canning been Pitt's own son I do not think he could have been more interested in all that related to his marriage. "Letters of John Hookham Freer."

Killing a King.

In all monarchies the killing of the king or emperor, the Law Journal of London points out, "is perhaps the gravest crime in the law."

The Journal adds: "In one country, Italy, sentence of death cannot be imposed, and in Portugal we believe that capital punishment is not yet abolished. Under the law of treason of the United Kingdom, which has been applied to most of the king's dominions abroad, with or without statutory modifications, the killing of the king is a capital offence by the statute of treason. It is there described as 'compassing or imagining the death of our lord the king.' By later legislation (of 1800) the elaborate provisions special to trials for treason do not apply to assassination of the sovereign or a direct attempt on his life, and such offences are tried in the same manner as wilful murder. The result is that in any instance, though not in form, the killing of the sovereign is triable and punishable as murder of a subject, but the execution of the sentence to be by deprivation instead of hanging."

Brutality of Chess.

That great chess master and philosopher, Dr. Laquer, accounts as follows for Dr. Tarrasch's defeat in the second game of the notable match now playing at Dusseldorf:—

"Tarrasch had outplayed me in the opening, but he lacked the passion that whips the blood when great stakes can be gained by resolute and self-confident daring."

For all that the doctor of Nuremberg was sufficiently exhausted by his vain efforts to recover the attack. Outplayed and played out he was compelled to resign.

Those humane people who made so much noise over the "horror" of the Marathon race ought surely to turn their attention to the brutalities of chess. We will not say that the game should be suppressed entirely, but would it not be wise to regulate it a little in the interests of humanity?—New York Sun.

Useful in Camp.—Explorers, surveyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the result will be the prevention of "rain" in the muscles, and should a cut, or contusion or sprain be sustained, nothing could be better as a dressing or lotion.

Gorge-Ki's "missus don't get better by next Tuesday fortnight I'll send for 'er doctor."

"Farnsworth, why not before, Gorge?"

Gorge-Wull, it'll be forty year next Tuesday fortnight since we 'ad 'er doctor, an' I'd like to 'make it even forty—The Tailor.

The New York American of Dec. 15th, 1907, says the common house fly is one of the greatest enemies of man. It is a solemn, scientifically ascertained fact that he is one of the worst disseminators of disease known, far surpassing the mosquito in this respect. Wilson's Fly Pad will kill many times more flies than any other article.

"George," said Mrs. Ferguson, here is an item in this paper that tells me how to know a mad dog when you see one."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Mr. Ferguson, "I don't care for no mad dogs, no mad dogs."—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

"This lady candidate will not talk."

"What's she want away from you?"

"Stoically enough to be reported. I give it out," said the star interviewer with a sigh.—Kansas City Journal.

To Men Who Live Inactive Lives.

Exercise in the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled, and the inactive occupations, and the unhealthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand.

"I proposed to a suffragette."

"Well?"

"Her speech of acceptance kinder made me wish I hadn't."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The source of all intestinal troubles is the common house fly; his buzz is the first symptom of typhoid.

"So you once lived in Africa, Sam?"

"Yes, sah."

"Ever do any missionary work out there, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah. I was cook for a cannibal chief, sah!"—Pick-Me-Up.

A Chef in a Box.

The old emperor of Austria pays his cook, Perski, \$10,000 a year salary. This same Perski was once the cook of Count Rhenbaum, and many years ago when the emperor of Austria was dining with the count he was struck with the way a certain hour's beef was cooked and desired that the chef should be complimented. Two days afterward a huge packing case arrived at Schoenbrunn with Count Rhenbaum's compliments. On being opened the case was found to contain Perski, a bit breathless, but otherwise all right. The emperor laughed at the joke, accepted the gift, and Perski has been the royal chef ever since.

A "Rat Week" Suggested.

Why can we not have "rat week" and let everybody in the United States devote the week, or as much time as possible within the week, to killing rats? It would be the best paying week's work from a money and health standpoint. The people would be happy. It would be a sanitary labor that would be far-reaching in its effects, the benefits from which would be of a lasting character.—Stanton (Va.) Dispatch.

Summer Barnstormers.

"What's them that actor folks doing prowling around in the hot sun?" asked the postmaster of Bacon Ridge.

OUR AGENT IS NOW TOURING THE WESTERN PROVINCES

(SEE DATES BELOW.)



GREAT SHIPMENTS

are made weekly of our Suits and Overcoats, made in London, England, to our customers' special measurements. Our message to you who reside over-seas is this:—

"It is worth your consideration"

—the perfection of fit, style and finish at the minimum of cost. For years past we have made tailoring our special study, until to-day it is no exaggeration to say that our House boasts the finest equipment and organization in the Tailoring World. We have specialized in the art of fitting clients residing over-seas, and, moreover, not only in fitting, but also in producing the real American fashions. There is no need to pay exorbitant prices for your tailoring requirements. The merit of our tailoring is backed by our unreserved guarantee to refund every cent of our clients' money where we fail to give absolute satisfaction. No other Tailoring House on either side of the Atlantic dare offer style or latest London fashions, we guarantee absolute satisfaction. The process is simple. Merely fill in a postcard, and address same to us as below, asking for our selection of materials. By return you will receive our latest assortment of patterns, together with latest fashion-plates, instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days from receipt, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund your money.

WITHIN SEVEN DAYS SUITS and OVERCOATS to measure from \$5.14 to \$20.

CURZON BROS. The World's Measure Tailors.
(Dept. F 81), 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Addresses for Patrons:
For Toronto and East Canada:
CURZON BROS., c/o Night Directories, Ltd., (Dept. F 81), 74-76 Church St., TORONTO, ONT.

For Winnipeg and the West:
CURZON BROS., c/o Henderson Bros., (Dept. F 81), 279 Garry Street, WINNIPEG.

Below we tabulate the various towns that Mr. Greene will visit on his tour, together with approximate dates of his arrival in each town:

Calgary, Queen's Hotel	Sept. 21st
Edmonton, The Alberta	Sept. 28th
Battleford, Windsor Hotel	Oct. 5th
Prince Albert, Queen's Hotel	Oct. 8th
Saskatoon, Iroquois Hotel	Oct. 12th
Regina, "The Clayton"	Oct. 15th
Brandon, "The Empire"	Oct. 22nd
Portage la Prairie, The Leland	Oct. 29th
Winnipeg	Nov. 2nd

LOOK OUT FOR DEFINITE DATES
Please mention this paper.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Make Your Stomach Happy with SHREDDED WHEAT and fresh fruits. An ideal snack food, wholesome, nourishing and Delicious.

CONTAINS MORE REAL NUTRIMENT THAN MEAT OR EGGS.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

A Love Scene.

"Before I went away you seemed to love me."

"Yes?"

"And now you are different."

"You are mistaken—utterly mistaken."

"Are you not different?"

"No; I am indifferent."

But even that did not seem to satisfy him. Some men are hard to please.—Cleveland Leader.

Gloomy Outlook.

"What are you worried about, Rusty?"

"I'm worried 'bout rain, dat's what I'm worried 'bout, an' I reckons I's gwinter keep worried all summer."

"But it's almost sure to rain before long."

"Yessuh. But when it do it's almost sure to be much or not enough."

—Washington Star.

The Human Mimosa.

"Closely is such a funny camp. He goes around rattling the dollars in his pocket, but he never spends a cent."

"Yes, I have noticed that too. Do you know why he reminds me of a sensitive plant?"

"No. Why?"

"Why he wits every time you touch him."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Kair Hardie's Education.

An interesting little story is attached to the model of a coal-miner being shown by Mr. Kair Hardie's two brothers at the White City, Manchester. The three brothers were coal-miners at Motherwell and Hamilton, in Scotland. William worked with "John Kair"; in fact, the model shows the identical work that the Labor member did when, as a boy of ten, he set out to earn his own living. The future Mr. P. worked as a "trapper," and, as his brother William explains, it was during these long, silent, gloomy hours that "John Kair" taught himself how to write.

Wants will render the prettiest dances unsightly. Clear the excesses away by using Holloway's Corn Cure, which acts thoroughly and painlessly.

"I'm glad that Charley has worked out a new system for playing the record, and young Miss Forskins."

"Do you think it will win?"

"No, but it will vary the conversation when he comes to, explaining how he lost his money."—Washington Post.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

the Art of POWDER

WHAT could be more important or more engrossing than the selection of the daily little trifle that so to make the toilet of a dainty woman? She must not only have the usual attractive touches to her costume, but even the things unseen must be perfect.

Powder vehicles are important, and are made in various ways. Some are of glass with silver tops and have a tiny powder puff within. This mislay uses in any way that strikes her fancy. There is also a little home-made puff, a bag of knitted wool, with a tiny bag of muslin inside holding powder. The muslin is not thick enough to keep the powder from sifting through, so the knitted bag may be used as a powder puff. Unless shaken, the powder remains in the bag.

Sometimes, too, mislay sprinkles her powder on absorbent cotton, which she fastens into a dainty white cover. This may be carried in her stocking, and when the cover is soiled it may be washed. Such a portable little bag will always be found useful, particularly on hot summer days, when mislay feels that a little dash of powder would make her a new woman.

Powder leaves, too, are satisfactory. They are so arranged that they may be used at any time or in any place. They are of great value when automobile, for they may be easily applied without the powder blowing away.

Sometimes a powder bag, like that carried in the stocking, is carried in the handkerchief; then, when the mouchoir is taken out, it may be rubbed lightly over the face and a little of the powder will stay. Such a contrivance is an invaluable assistance—particularly when shopping—and the whole may be easily carried in one of the dainty bags of cretonne which at present are so much used.

There are hand-embroidered reticules, too, that are used for carrying powder. Boxes of tin or paste-board glass and ebony are so nice for sprinkling the powder on sunburned arms or prickly heat, that enemy of dainty skins. There is no friction to irritate delicate skins when this sifter is used.

With all these many aids to beauty it seems almost inconceivable that any one would be willing to look tired, hot and sticky, when it takes

Crocheted Powder Puff

but a very few minutes to make a powder bag. It may be made of the coarsest of cheesecloth and it would be just as useful as though it were made of the finest satin or damask. Surely, here the French women have the advantage of the Americans. They would never think of leaving home without taking with them all the things that make them comfortable.



Using Handkerchief Powder Bag.

Always Purchase Good Combs

It is a mistake, to suppose on combs. Too many girls think that anything will do. There is no greater mistake, as uneven, rough or jagged teeth not only break the hair, but often irritate the scalp.

If one can afford it, tortoise shell makes an ideal comb; those of ivory are equally good and even more costly. If celluloid is used, be certain that it is perfectly smooth on the points and sides; do not use it if it is near a flame, as it is inflammable. The teeth should be fine, strong and rounded.

Sugar Does Not Affect Teeth

It is a mistake, to suppose that if children be allowed to eat sugar they will have bad teeth in consequence. There is no foundation whatever for such a notion. The negroes of the West Indies are excessive consumers of sugar, and yet their teeth are as good as those of the white people. These people have particularly fine teeth. However, other injurious sugar may be capable of doing to the human system. It is very certain that it does not do any harm to the teeth, either in old or young persons.

To Reduce Hips

MRS. T. S.—The following exercise, if persevered with, will reduce flesh round the hips: First, raise the outstretched arms above the head, the body retaining its erect position; then bend slowly forward from the waist, so that the fingers come as near touching the floor as possible, without straining in any way. This is done without bending the knees. In recovering position, let the arms relax and sink down as the body straightens up. Second, with hands placed lightly on the hips, the fingers pointing forward, let the body draw forward easily, so that it is bent at the waist. This must be done gently, as by jerking more harm than good is done. From this position, roll the body round to the right, counting four for it to reach the position of being bent over the side, then to the back, being careful to do it very easy at first, till the muscles have gained strength, for an exaggeration of the movement may cause real pain. Then on to the left, and back to the right. Practice again, only start toward the waist. The waist acts as a pivot on which the trunk swings, and the head is easily released. In the third exercise the hands have the same position, but now the body is bent forward from the waist, then back, then to the right and left. Each movement should occupy four counts. Take these exercises gently, but let the movements be firm and strong. Avoid the slightest strain of the muscles. No regrets should be worn while practicing them.

Eyelash Stain

M. K. O.—Here is a perfectly harmless stain for eyebrows and lashes: Gum arabic, one dram; indigo ink, one-half ounce; rosewater, four ounces. Powder the ink and gum and triturate with the rosewater until you get a thick cream. Then add the indigo ink, then add the remainder of the rosewater. It will be a very nice hair brush.

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PRETTY ELBOWS



Holding the Elbow in Hot Water.

Using Fresh Brush.

Massaging with Sweet Almond Oil.

PRETTY elbows are desirable. Even though elbow sleeves go out of fashion, the nonpareil style—made of tulle or chiffon—is quite transparent enough for soft, round arms to be seen.

A child originally has adorable dimpled arms and elbows that, in their baby curves, are perfection. What a pity it is that, as the child grows up, the skin over the joints becomes hard and goose-flesh—altogether unsatisfactory.

No one can expect to have soft, supple elbows when they are continually used as props for the head. Do not rest the

elbows on hard substances; let the weight of the arms rest on the lap. Even quite stout people often have callous and ugly elbows, resulting from the habit of leaning upon them—like it is so easy to keep them soft and pretty.

Of course, the bad habit must be corrected before one may hope to attain any amount of success in acquiring pretty, dimpled elbows.

Every night the elbows should be held in a basin of hot water and allowed to remain there for at least ten minutes. Do not let the elbow touch the hard bottom of the basin, but let it come in contact only with a folded towel.

After the long bath the elbows should be briskly rubbed with a fresh brush to increase the circulation and stimulate the tissues. The brush also removes the dead skin, and soon the fresh skin will replace the ugly "goose-flesh."

Then the fresh brush need not be used so frequently, though the hot bath should be continued.

After the brushing use hot sweet almond oil and massage it well into the skin. Rub it for at least ten minutes, and afterward hold the elbow in absorbent cotton soaked in oil. This method, if the instructions are faithfully carried out, is sure to work improvement.

It is perfectly natural that when we do not care for the little details of our person, the details should not take care of themselves. We cannot expect to have perfect skin unless we take some little thought about it.

Now that the reign of semi-dressy summer frocks is almost over for another season and the conventional evening gown is in vogue, it is a very important matter that the girl who expects to go to parties should be equipped with soft and pretty elbows for they do say that evening dresses are to be sleeveless. This, however, may not be a true guess.

The Convenient Powder Book.

Advice to Correspondents

To Remove Pimples

abstain from rich, unwholesome food, and use a cream for pimples, recipe of which is given below.
Petrolatum, one ounce; lanolin (anhydrous), one ounce; hydrogen peroxide, one fluid ounce; acetic acid, one fluid dram.

This preparation, usually employed for the removal of pimples, may be also used for blackheads.

An Excellent Rouge

MRS. B. Y.—I feel quite confident that the following recipe will be just what you want: Sweet almond oil, four ounces; white wax (melted), 20 grains; spermaceti, 20 grains; benzoin (finely powdered), 100 grains; rice powder, 200 grains; pure carmine, fifteen grains. Blend the fats in the ideal receptacle of a custard boiler; add benzoin while they are heating; the rice powder and carmine while cooling, and the tincture last of all. Spread it on the face and neck gently and carefully, rubbing it into the skin, and avoid getting it into the eyebrows or close to the eyes. Powder with any flesh-colored powder, velveting, applying freely with a puff; and, after a little while, wipe off with a bit of camellia. This makes as effective as a plaster of paste and paints all slight imperfections, without having the repulsive artificial look which they give. By artificial light it is in-acceptable.

Two Recipes

SARGENT—You will have no difficulty in making up the following recipe for tooth powder: Precutated chalk, four ounces; powdered orris root, eight ounces; powdered camphor, one ounce. Triturate the camphor in a mortar, moistening it with a very little alcohol. Add other ingredients, mix thoroughly and sift through a fine bolting cloth. To whiten your arms and hands bathe them in buttermilk. Or a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin to an ounce of rosewater forms a lotion which is excellent for whitening the skin.

A Heavyweight

G. W. D.—The best way to work off superfluous flesh is by exercising. Take long walks; do not stroll along, but set a pace and keep it up throughout the entire walk. Diet yourself, avoiding all starchy and sweetened food. Exercise for reducing different parts of the body are published almost weekly upon this page, and it would be well for you to try some of them.

For Sunburn

TRAVELER—When the face has become sunburned, mix the following ingredients together and apply: The preparation to the affected parts: white petroleum, two and one-half ounces; paraffin wax, one-quarter ounce; lanolin, one ounce; water, one and one-half ounces; oil of rose, three drops; alcohol, one-half ounce. Nothing is better for cleaning hair brushes than ammonia. It does not soften the bristles as soap and soda do. Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water and soak the bristles in solution, keeping the brush in a brush out of the water. The brush is then rinsed in clear water and dried in the air.

Massage Cream for the Bust

MABEL Y.—I agree with you that a cream is what you need to develop your bust, and the recipe I am giving you will be a good one for you to have made up.
Lanolin, five ounces; spermaceti, one-half ounce; mutton tallow (freshly tried), four ounces; coconut oil, four ounces; oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; tincture of benzoin, one dram; oil of neroli, twenty drops.

Mix as you would any cream of the sort. Rub on gently at night.

To Remove Scars

CONSTANT READER—Here is the formula for a salve which has been most successful in fading slight scars, and it will help to get rid of the marks left by the scratches: Lanolin, ten drams; ointment of biniodine of mercury, one dram. Rub in well once a day.

When the lips burn, after a long stay through the wind, rub a mixture of rosewater and glycerine into them. This will relieve the burning sensation in a very short time.

Two Recipes for Toilet Water

MRS. WILLIAM B.—I am giving you recipes for two toilet waters, lavender and violet: Oil of lavender, six fluid ounces; alcohol, forty-eight fluid ounces; rosewater, eighteen fluid ounces; magnesium carbonate, one avoirdupois ounce.

Essence of violet, seven fluid ounces; essence of rose, two and one-half fluid ounces; essence of cassia, two and one-half ounces; alcohol, fifty-six ounces.

Causes of Falling Hair

PERPLEXED—Neglect, dandruff, eczema, washing with too strong soap, neuritis, headache and worry are some of the many causes for falling hair. Careful treatment should be administered. Brush it gently every night, then give the scalp a good massage for fifteen or twenty minutes, using the tips of the fingers. The following is an especially good tonic recipe, and it is a good idea to rub a tonic into the scalp while massaging.

Cologne, eight ounces; tincture of camphor, one ounce; oil of English lavender, one-half dram; oil of rosemary, one-half dram.

Snow of Cucumber

ANNA—One of the best remedies for sunburn and freckles is as follows: Two and one-half ounces of cucumber oil, two ounces lanolin, one ounce white wax, one dram spermaceti.

Heat olive oil. Slice up the cucumbers, not removing the peel, and steep in the oil. Let stand for twenty-four hours. Strain.

No one can expect to have soft, supple elbows when they are continually used as props for the head. Do not rest the

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1908

Notes and Comments

Mr. Frank H. Sherman never uttered truer words than when he said: "The electors should remember that if they can be bought they also can be sold."

The official count in the Medicine Hat contest has been postponed until Saturday as two polls are yet to be heard from.

Now that the Presidential elections are over in the United States business will soon resume normal conditions.

The elections in the United States are over. William H. Taft, the Republican candidate, was elected by a big majority over William J. Bryan, Democrat.

Ontario people have been jeering at the early snow storm in Alberta. It now happens that six inches of snow fell Sunday in York county while Alberta is enjoying summer weather.

The municipal elections are fast approaching. We understand some of the councillors whose election is good for another year are of the opinion that it would be better to resign and a complete new council be elected. This is all very well, but when good men fill these positions a resignation is hardly worth while.

Arkansas has "gone prohibition" and Maine has re-declared in favor of the exclusion of intoxicants. Thus far this year American saloons have been closed at the rate of thirty a day. In ten months five whole states have abolished the bar. On January 1st, 1909, 38,000,000 people will reside in no-license territory, as compared with 6,000,000 ten years ago.

During the past week two enthusiastic and largely attended meetings have been held of men who took part in the South African war and who are not entitled to participate in the land grant under the Volunteer Bounty Act of 1908. An association has been formed to be called the Imperial South African Veterans' Association. The object of the association is to seek to have the above act extended so that all men of the Anglo-Saxon race who took part in the South African war, and who are not already entitled to participate in the land grant, and who were residing in Canada at the time the said act came into force, shall be included in its provisions. Lord Milner and Lord Northcliffe, who have been staying in Toronto, and the newly elected members of the Dominion Government for this city have expressed their sympathy with the proposed amendment. Mr. Shel- ford Grimwood, 3, Metcalfe Street, Toronto, has been appointed president of the above association, and is also acting as organizing secretary for the Dominion, and as soon as all the names of the men living in Canada are to hand a deputation will wait on the government at Ottawa.

Fuel Shortage

Railways Fall in Car Supply and There is Serious Dearth of Coal

Regina, Sask., Nov. 1.—With the cold weather of the past few days the coal situation in the city is becoming serious. Not one of the suppliers of Lethbridge coal can fill orders, and the only fuel which is coming in from Souris, and that is only a few cars at a time. The blame for the shortage does not rest with the mines, but altogether with the railways, on account of shortage of cars. This is due to the fact that the C.P.R. is anxious to get all the wheat out before the close of navigation. There appears to be little likelihood of improvement in the fuel situation until the lake ports close up.

Mayor Smith, asked yesterday as to the fuel outlook, stated that, judging from the present of the Smith & Ferguson Company, of which he is the senior member, it is none of the brightest. His company, which handles Galt coal, has received no supplies from the mines since Oct. 19th, and, whereas they should have received at least 75 cars this month, they had so far received no more than eight or nine. To meet present demands they should be receiving at least two cars per day and they were receiving none. The mines had to shut down every two or three days owing to the difficulty to get the mined coal shipped out. The position, so far as Regina was concerned, was infinitely worse than last year.

A. T. Hunter, of the Hunter Coal Company; A. D. Miller, who handles Taber coal, and Whitmore Bros., who handle the C.P.R. Banff coal, tell the same story about car shortage. Hitherto householders have neglected ordering in their winter stock, but the keen weather of the past few days had apparently given them a sharp reminder that winter was upon them, accelerated by memories of shortages in past years.

For Cheaper Wires

Victoria Colonist:—Mr. Lemieux is to represent Canada at a conference to be held in England for the discussion of an imperial penny telegraphic service. It may be remembered that Sir Sanford Fleming was the originator of the proposal for uniform telegraphic rates throughout the empire. His argument is that it costs no more to transmit a message a long distance than it does to transmit a shorter one, and he takes the point that if it is reasonable to carry a letter any distance for one price, it ought to be possible to transmit telegrams any distance for a single uniform rate. The effect of a cheaper telegraphic service between all parts of his majesty's dominions would be very far-reaching.

Roped a Passenger

Texas Cowboy Caused Death of Mexican and Taken to Mountains

El Paso, Tex., Nov. 2.—Josie Ake, a cowboy on the Big Eagle ranch 125 miles north of here, to-day moved Ramon Aragon, a Mexican, on a moving Santa Fe train as it passed at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and the force of the shock jerked the Mexican from the train and killed him instantly. The Mexican was one of a number of railroad laborers on a wreck train. Ake, who had been drinking, declared boastfully to several other cow-punchers that he would rope and drag a Mexican from the wreck train. He made good his threat and then took to the mountains, heavily armed. A general alarm has been sent out to New Mexico peace officers, who will make an effort to capture the culprit.

News in Brief

The World's News Boiled Down for Busy Readers

Sydney Burke of Blenheim, Ont., was drowned at Erieau.

The first car was run over the Edmonton street car system on Saturday.

A number of women have formed an undertaking company at San Francisco.

Earl Grey says the French-Canadian is superior in good manners to the English Protestants.

The annual output of beer in the United States is between 57,000,000 and 60,000,000 barrels.

An American syndicate has leased 10,000 acres of grazing lands near Butte Inlet, B.C., for twenty years.

No one in Saxony is allowed to shoe a horse unless he has passed a public examination and is duly qualified.

Stanley Smith, aged 23, in charge of the C.P.R. pumping station at Tyan, Sask., was cut in two by an engine.

The British Canadian Department Stores have purchased the old Knox College site in Toronto for \$185,000.

Alex. Robb, father of the new M.P. for Huntingdon, Que., died from heart failure due to excitement following the election.

A. Carse of Govrie, Man., has a dwarf apple tree in a flower-pot which is embellished with an apple weighing 2 1/2 ounces.

A. Chung, a Chinaman, will hang at Vancouver Dec. 18th for murdering a fellow-countryman. There will be three hangings that day.

Hon. Geo. E. Foster has commenced a libel action against the Ottawa Free Press, also against his Liberal opponent in North Toronto, W. H. Shaw.

The Daily Mail, London, England, offers a prize of \$2,500 for the first heavier-than-air machine that will fly from England to France or from France to England.

Carrie A. Nation, "the American saloon-smasher," is to open a campaign in Scotland in December, and Glasgow is among the first places she intends to make lively.

The United States immigration authorities will allow a polygamous Chinaman named Bosman to remain in the country with one wife. The other must be deported.

Edinburgh proposes to engage a lady health visitor who holds a medical qualification and who must devote her whole time to the work. Her salary is to be \$600.

Rev. Malcolm MacGregor, editor of the Presbyterian, died Tuesday morning at Toronto after a lingering illness. Death has been hastened by an attack of pneumonia.

The gold output of Dawson this year will be two million dollars more than last, the total being about six million dollars. Four thousand people will winter in Dawson this season.

The serious drought continues unbroken in many sections of Ontario. In some parts rain has not fallen during the last eight weeks. Winter wheat sown a month ago lies unsprouted in the soil, or is up in patches only. Fall plowing is being badly delayed.

Wheat inspected at Winnipeg so far this season amounts to 25,453,050 bushels.

Fred Dunnet was shot in the thigh as the result of a gun accident at Blenheim, Sask.

Two men were killed by an explosion in the power house at Porson's camp near Kenora.

J. T. Bell and son, accused of cattle stealing, were honorably acquitted at the Medicine Hat Assizes.

Beatrice Buch, of Killarney, Man., died from the effects of burns sustained from the explosion of a coal oil lamp.

Mrs. Julia Carney, of Galesburg, Ill., author of "Little Drops of Water," translated into many languages, and "Think of the Ebbing," found in many church hymnals, died Sunday, aged 85 years.

Sir Wm. Mortimer Clark, the retiring lieutenant-governor of Ontario, and the members of his family were the recipients of beautiful presents from their friends in recognition of the admirable manner in which they have discharged the duties connected with government house.

As Mrs. Susan Jackson, aged 60, of Homewood Ave., Toronto, left the Christian Science Church on University Ave. Sunday night, accompanied by her son, she fell to the sidewalk. The son called for help and someone shouted to get a doctor, but the son said, "No, we are Christian Scientists." The doctor was called, however, and declared the woman dead.

Fruit Eating

We have still something to learn as to the times and seasons when we should eat fruit. We are all quite ready to agree that fruit forms a food of great value, but we display great lack of judgment in the manner in which we take advantage of its valuable qualities. Most people, says an observant doctor, instead of taking fruit on an empty stomach or in combination with simple grain preparations such as bread, eat it with oily foods, generally cream. Then, perhaps, the whole mass of food is washed down with tea, coffee or other liquor. Fruit, to do its best work, should be eaten either on an empty stomach or else with bread merely. Eaten in the morning fruit is very refreshing and serves as a natural stimulus to the digestive organs. But even when people do eat fruit at the proper time they usually counterbalance its good effects by saturating it with sugar. Very few kinds of fruit, if thoroughly ripe and at their best, require any sugar, particularly if they are eaten in the raw state.

Had to Get it Done Somehow

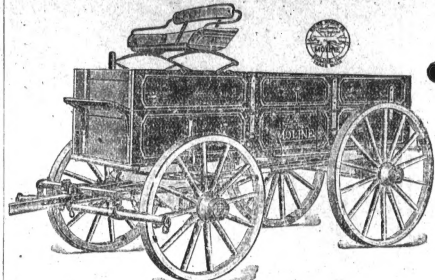
A little boy situated into a grocery store with a memorandum in his hand "Hello, Mr. Smith," he said, "I want thirteen pounds of coffee at 32 cents." "Very good," said the grocer, and he noted down the sale and put his clerk to packing the coffee. "Anything else, Charlie?" "Yes. Twenty-seven pounds of sugar at 9 cents." "The loaf, eh? And what else?" "Seven and a half pounds of bacon at 20 cents." "That will be a good brand. Go on." "Five pounds of tea at 90 cents; eleven and a half quarts of molasses at 8 cents a pint; two eight-pound hams at 21¢ cents, and five dozen jars of pickled walnuts at 24 cents a jar." "The grocer made out the bill. "It's a big order," he said. "Did your mother tell you to pay for it?" "My mother," said the boy as he pocketed the neat and accurate bill, "has nothing to do with this business. It is my arithmetic lesson and I had to get it done somehow."

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